Eeter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head *Achilles*, here comes *Hector* in Armes.
Duma. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.
King. *Hector* was but a *Troyan* in reſpect of this.
Boyet. But is this *Hector?*
King. I thinke *Hector* was not ſo cleane timberd.
Long. His Legge is too bigge for *Hectors*.
Duman. More Calfe certaine.
Boye. No, he is beſt indued in the ſmall.
Bero. This cannot be *Hector*.
Duma. Hee's a God or a Painter: for he makes faces.
Braggart. *The Armipotent* Mars, *of Launces the almightie, gaue* Hector *a gift.*
Duma. A gift Nutmegg.
Bero. A Lemmon.
Long. Stucke with Cloues.
Dum. No clouen.
Brag. *Peace. The Armipotent* Mars, *of Launces the almighty, Gaue* Hector ~~*a gift, the heir of Illion.*~~
A man ſo breathed, that certaine he would fight; yea,
From morne till night out of his Pauilion.
I am that Flower.
Dum. That Mint.
Long. That Cullambine.
Brag. Sweete Lord *Longauill* raine thy tongue.
Long. I muſt rather giue it the raine: for it runnes againſt *Hector*.
Dum. I and *Hector's* a Greyhound.
Brag. The ſweete War-man is dead and rotten,
Sweete chucks beat not the bones of the buried:
When he breathed he was a man:
But I will forward with my deuice; ſweete royaltie beſtow on me the ſence of hearing.

Berowne ſteps foorth.

Quee. Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.
Brag. *I do adore thy ſweete Graces Slipper.*

Boyet